THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1278.

Original Poetry.

TO MY BROTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMSTEAD.

Dear Brother, when the twilight,
A purple gloom hath shed,
Where e'er the smoking fields the noon
A golden glow spread,
Fond memory loves to linger,
O'er childhood's memories bright;
When our Spring was in the blossom,
And least and sings were light.

When the green of Heaven twinkle,
From their bases within the sky;
And lowers and glen and woodland,
In calm, concealed lie;
And the pale moonbeams slumber
Upon the parlor floor;
Like a bless and gentle spirit comes
Some golden dream of yore.

When you and I were happy,
By waving wood and sea
Made the breakler's quiet murmur,
And the summer breezes free.

My Brother, I remember,
In those days of joy and love;
The happy fields around us,
The merry shirs above;
Together, hand in hand, we walked,
In wild and bright glee,
Where the playful zephyr's whisper,
Was sweet to thee and me
And the silken leaves were blushing,
At morn and evening hours;
And the wild bee and the humming bird
Done down the sunny flowers;
Whilst there comes a shade of sadness,
Where I think how much they flew
Time bright and gilded moments,
Make their pinions hills and flew;
And this was when the hour and wood,
And bough were in the bloom;
And e'er the golden sun of love
In light and set in gloom.

Remember,
When a dreamer of the turf
And the fellow leads lay flashing,
With the sickle and the sheaf—
When the withered leaves came rushing,
Through moaned—sweet and dull,
And the field flowers murmured round,
As sadness of farewell;
The glorious summer sun,
Where the shivered bowlers high,
Pointed through the leafless wood,
Their branches to the sky;
And how the day's clearly ring,
Pealed through the leafless shades:
And the hillsides rought the echo,
And the hollow glades;
And how the day dare staggered,
As the night's cavern rose—
This all this was in the autumn time,
When the acorn and rose were fled.

Original Tales.

PLOUGH DEEP.
A Story of Real Life.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANCES AND FANNY," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VII.

Wordsworth to relate, Sister stood Parent Vosain himself, the same man as to character and temper, only with twenty years more of wrinkles and of worldly age. His lady's pale, high born, and cold, but energetic embrace and a thousand hopes that he found her well or health, he squandered the stranger to her.

"This Madame, is my friend—my grand mere, Celeste Dubois, she accords me encouragement, and I presumed to her a welcome, was I right?"

"Very welcome, very welcome—her Brenda and John, whom are you, take them to attend to her now, my good kind friends, welcome again, come in the parlor. As if I had as good eyes as when you were last here, I suppose I am getting very near sighted, very pretty, but I have no doubt, from her name that she is an heir are your eyes, my friend, do specialist assist you?"

Nothing could have been more fortunate for his place than the presence of the young lean as he was called her was native, artless, and the stranger had nothing prepossessing in her appearance, so that, though they saw each several times during the day they were not subject to accommodating. Stone was were at home Haroldine would not have been seen at all, quick at conclusions, she did not feel the jealousy of the French lady at Mr Ludwig's, but in which way the plot was to terminate she could not divine. Many was the glance she took at the beautiful, modest face of Haroldine, and each one the more confirmed her in the belief that she and her self were destined to be rivals.

"I wonder your nephew did not fall in love with Sybil's grand-daughter," said Mr Vosain to Madam Starve as they were alone in the parlor after the grandmother. "He seems very susceptible, for he has given his heart in a very sudden manner to a stranger."

The old lady was very indignant

"Do you know what you say Monsieur Vosain," said she, "Stone has never seen Haroldine. I have taken care of that. No, no I never do things foolishly that young woman has been very useful to me and is perfectly content to remain in attendance on me and her grandmother. As long as I live she shall remain with me, or my death I shall leave her a hundred dollars a year."

"Oh, you have acted wonderfully then," said the old merchant, "otherwise you could not possibly be literally for a dependant."

Madam Starve was silent—she did not choose to be questioned on such subjects, and her old lover took ground in her favor. The evening were away pleasantly. Sybil grew more and more delighted with Estrick, the man who sometimes assisted Cornet in her labors, had to go as fast to Upsal for Dr. Lentz. Sybil had been in bed with the fatigue of so long a journey, he is now at the house of an old friend about thirty miles distant, and will soon be here, but she is a little ill from it, and was almost asking some one to read it when you arrived—you read it."

Tante Vosain took the letter eagerly, glanced at its contents before he read it aloud, and was filled with dismay. Stone had opened the plot, his letter ran thus—

Dear Tante—You will be very glad to hear that I have made a conquest, and that I am in love with you and me. She is from Paris and speaks French like a native. She is very poor, but as I am about returning to France, they can leave merely on a time of pleasure, and I hope to induce her them to you be my wife. If I succeed, I will be in no want of money with me I should bid you farewell from the place, as it is not safe for the Castle to be a due please. Therefore, to get the funds ready against my coming.

This was a death-blow to one of Mr Vosain's projects, but all was not lost, for if the young man was out of the way, he should obtain a better chance with the foolish old woman, as he mentally called her. But if that this good in earnest, it was far different with Madam Starve, her distress was beyond all conception. She twisted herself into all sorts of attitudes, and could not sit still a minute, at length she got up with a jerk and called loudly for John. Her old friend looked on with amazement, not being able to account for such violent emotion, he addressed her several times, but she did not hear or heed him, and when John entered she was pacing up and down the room.

"Go, John—go quick to Mr. Ludwig's wigwam your young master is, desire him to return without delay, tell him that a dispatch from Mr. Stone's Vosain, and if I die before he returns, it will be worse for him—go, bring him by force if he will not come immediately."

"Miss Fillie has the horses," said John, "and the old mare is lame."

"Hire a horse—here is money—quick, who knows what may take place, he may get married there—only you hear, John, why do you hesitate?"

"I got a letter from Master Stone this morning, said John, "and from what he says, I fear he will bring a young lady home with him."

"He is not married," screamed the old lady, "he is too slow mentioned for that—do you say that he is married?"

She was in such a tremble, and in such a rage that John could not keep up the farce, he turned round, therefore, and said he would hire a horse and go as quickly as possible.

"Ah, my friend," said she, sitting down quite exhausted, "why did you not come a week ago? then all would have been right—this foolish boy—little does he know—"

"Little does he know what?" asked Vosain.

"No matter, my friend, nothing at all, but if he should take it in head to marry that girl, it will kill me."

"Let us hope for the best, Madam, as he compel me to hear all about yourself, the foolish boy will soon be here and all will be as you wish."

"No, no, I know I know better than you do, look at his sister—has she not disgraced herself by marrying a low fellow, a common teacher of languages and music."

"Ah! is it so? And were you not consulted? this is indeed an unlucky accident—where is the now?"

"You will it an accident? It was a long meditated plan, and they are now reaping the fruits of their folly, for the young man has no money, and no one to advance his interests."

Mr Vosain thought over this, for thinking that some provision must have been made for Mildred which he could scarcely credit, as Fillie was to have three thousand dollars at her marriage, and with every effort in his power her ancient friend strove to turn her mind to this subject. He tried it in former times without success, but he had more hopes now as she was twenty years older, and gave evidence that she had not so strong a command over herself as formerly. He never could get her to talk about her money, and as money was the sole cause of her present distress, he was anxious to have mentioned to entrap her into some confidence.

"Well, Mademoiselle Mildred has decided her own fate and as her husband has no fortune, they must be content with her income."

"Income!" screamed Madam Starve, "she has no income her grandfather did not leave her a dollar."

"I am sorry for that, Madam, but her brother will be rich, and he must have brotherly feelings."

"Rich, rich!" he has nothing save his Castle and Chapel and the thirty acres of land."

Vosain looked astonished and almost incredulous, for he had never seen Sybil, but the stranger had long to Madam Starve.

"You are right, Madam," said he, "to keep the money in your own hands, if the young man dis places you, your large estates can go to others more worthy of them."

"How do you know I have large estates?" said she, turning sharply towards him. "I have only two thousand dollars a year, and at my death it goes to my niece Fillie."

Tante Vosain was thunderstruck. What had he undertaken? a genuine journey for nothing? Was there really no income, no property strictly at the old woman's disposal. He could scarcely believe it, and yet it was necessary that the truth should be known, he was determined to investigate it himself, and he had an able coadjutor in his grand-daughter Celeste.

Of course this lady soon became aware that Sybil had a grand-daughter, she visited and became very fond of her, and Madam Starve did not

ter. When the East was giving to the world the first indications of returning day, the battle began. The plan on which it was fought was narrow and unphilosophical. Instead of a line of battle, the forces were concentrated in a certain district. Had they had battle ground, the South *is fixed* upon the principle of conduct, notwithstanding numbers. But, alas, the time for the battle was not propitious. It was not left to all the noble forces that were to be united for the next effort. The Democracy of the North, on the night had been unfavorable; but when daylight came and both parties fully engaged, the consequences were disastrous. Hence, the day began in the side of the Government. Many had not yet left the remained loyal with millions for it has been invested with gloom by the fall of the brave Baxter in Kansas and others, who had exhibited the greatest personal gallantry. Many were taken prisoners—some of whom were hunted down like the State and others imprisoned.

Among the large number who were taken captive, was the noble Marlowe. Information of this fact having been conveyed to his wife, she immediately determined to adopt some measures to gain her, promptly choosing captivity with him rather than separation.

But what argument could she resort to, to accomplish her end? Were drawn by counter exercise—losing rest by night and travelling by day, in all probability, to the last trial; and if she fail in this such a scheme. Unknown, however, to any one but her attended, she started in pursuit of her lost husband. The thought not of the danger—she reflected not of the probability of failure—but with a soul revived to its utmost strength, she sought the British camp.

What a spring of powerful action is love! What but this, inspires the blooming bride to relinquish society of friends—to give up her father and mother—to sacrifice all the pleasures of home, and become the companion of man? What else enables her to bend night after night, and to watch hour after hour, over the couch of disease—to realize expectations which she fears may never be realized, and inspect consolation, in which she has no share? The love of woman! Oh! it is not an inoperative, cold principle, but an enlivening, acting quality that prompts her to give up her own enjoyment, her own tranquility, her own happiness of another. If she have wealth, influence, beauty and health, she will, without reluctance, lay them all upon the altar of devotion, and sacrifice them to love, whose son has chosen as the object of her fervent attachment. How do absolute tyrants—idle tyrants—lords and monarchies become fallen, before that all-subduing power of love!

Under the influence of this stimulus Mrs. Marlowe continued her journey, until she came within sight of the encamped army. Overcome by weakness, she sank upon the ground and rested her exhausted frame. She cared not for her suffering. Her eye had seen the old-desired view, and she gave vent to her emotions in an earnest address to the Throne of Grace. Sweeter for that offering of the richest incense, her prayer arose to Heaven, and ere her voice had pronounced the closing words, she felt invigorated from above. Then did she feel the support of grace—then did she rejoice that the time that it takes us to write this paragraph. The mind can compare not the extreme changes which the mind is destined to work. Expresses broader will be affairs of secondary importance—for the Prodigal Son of being or never, as the bulletins say, *Our* owners later from New Orleans."

Philadelphia will possess great facilities for the quick receipt and transmission of news, when the lines of the magnetic telegraph shall have been extended over the various country—the one of his order chosen, on account of her central situation, as the local centers, from which the various routes will in every direction. Information will accordingly be received here first of the happening of all important events! This will give our town considerable advantages. She is already the most favorable city in the United States, and the metropolis of science if not of literature. Our good brethren of the Northern Liberties will have a little of these advantages, and in commercial affairs they certainly have the best of us; but New York has never had with Philadelphia any thing like a fair chance. Her merchants, moreover, Philadelphia stands without a rival: and nothing but her own supineness can ever her her. As the great emporium of the West—as the market, moreover, Philadelphia stands without a rival: and nothing but her own supineness can ever her her. As the great emporium of the West—as the market for the leading products of the country, she will not yield wholly to the spirit of boasting; though the weakness of thinking too much of one's home, is not unusual. Every body is apt to fancy that his birth place superior to others; in both natural and moral and religious. Hence it comes up that each one is partial to his own. A traveller who was riding through Connecticut, and perceiving the charms of all the cities closed through the day, were open and brilliantly lit up—he stopped to ask the reason. "Stranger," said the shop-keeper, "you must know very little, or you would have learned that last night is better than to-night, any day."

By a reference to the Foreign News it will be seen that Mr. Robert Peel has resigned. He is a very doubtful question, however, whether his successor will be able to repeal the corn laws; for if Peel failed to effect it, no successor can. Wellington's opposition, how is a Whig ministry to carry the measure? We see no chance but the repeal must unless the House of Lords should be intimidated by the threat of a creation of new peers, as at the time of the Reform Bill. The Lords will not allow the people grasp to their own laws. The nobility and land owners are in a dilemma. About foreign and land owners are in a dilemma. About foreign corn they feel if duty and the levies of farms and let the rents of farms fall and the incomes of the poorer aristocracy of England must decline; and the land of No. 1 will have to bear the whole burden of allegiance which now rules Britain with a rod of iron, but feet to rule. The fact is that England is in a state of gradual revolution. Peel sees this, and would have that revolution a peaceful one; but Wellington clinging to the maintenance of the corn laws to the last will yield nothing. Yet the fact has gone forth, nor can the conquests of Waterloo avert the battle. English nobility must give up some of the pretense of starving millions or go down in revolution and blood.

The repeal of the corn laws will not prove so beneficial to our agriculturists as they generally suppose. The instant the French ports are opened to the corn of Europe, which, notwithstanding the scarcity, maintains a price below American grace will rush into the London market. We should abuse the benefit of the repeal, not only with Europe but with Africa and Asia. At present American flour, if turned into flour at Canada can be sent to England on more favorable terms than the grain of any country not an English colony; and the advantages we should lose or reap of a repeal.

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We will send one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Saturday Evening Post one year, for Five Dollars, and one copy of the Saturday Evening Post one year, one copy of Graham's Magazine for $10.

For FIVE DOLLARS one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The mild weather of the past week has given place to a new dash of winter, and the elements seem determined to make up for lost time. Don't think I'm in earnest! Instead of the summer noise of winds carpetting among leaves, we have the sterner sound of the hail, rattling against window panes. And for the poor in weather such as this. Under the head of "Local Intelligence," is the account of a man frozen to death, on Sunday, in our city; yet, melancholy as the fact is his is not the only case that has occurred during the severity we are told by competent authority, that every year, five or six persons starve or freeze to death on this great continent. Such statements will startle many. Do nowther the homeless poor!

We paid a visit to the Exchange a day or two since by the way, to the Magnetic Telegraph was in operation between Philadelphia and the latter place, passed and re-passed while we stood at the Philadelphia office.

The batteries are enclosed in a mahogany box, not larger than an ordinary writing table. Upon the top of the box is the lever which moves the paper: this paper is in a long strip,—not quite two inches wide, wound around a reel, and as the letters flow by, they are marked, and when the whole message is recorded, when the machine stops, and the paper is cut off and translated. The whole operation is a curious, though simple one. The spectator cannot realize that a message has been conveyed to the distance of a few hundred miles, and an answer returned, in less time than it takes us to write this paragraph. The mind can scarcely comprehend the changes which the telegraph is destined to work. Expresses hereafter will be affairs of secondary importance—for the Telegraph *Can't* bring or never, as the bulletins say, *Our* owners later from New Orleans."

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MILLERITE PREACHERS.

We are called on continually to notice some new folly on the part of many of the promulgators in Mr. Miller's system of interpreting the Bible. We have already noticed the fact that the Millerites have purchased a church in this city, and that they have also purchased a church in Boston. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Newark, and that they have also purchased a church in New Haven. Now, we have been informed that they have purchased a church in Hartford, and that they have also purchased a church in Providence. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Albany, and that they have also purchased a church in Troy. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Utica, and that they have also purchased a church in Rochester. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Buffalo, and that they have also purchased a church in Cleveland. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Detroit, and that they have also purchased a church in Chicago. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Milwaukie, and that they have also purchased a church in Madison. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Dubuque, and that they have also purchased a church in Davenport. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Iowa City, and that they have also purchased a church in Muscatine. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Keokuk, and that they have also purchased a church in Burlington. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Quincy, and that they have also purchased a church in Springfield. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Alton, and that they have also purchased a church in St. Louis. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Cincinnati, and that they have also purchased a church in Columbus. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Indianapolis, and that they have also purchased a church in Terre Haute. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Vincennes, and that they have also purchased a church in Evansville. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Louisville, and that they have also purchased a church in Frankfort. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Lexington, and that they have also purchased a church in Nashville. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Memphis, and that they have also purchased a church in Vicksburg. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Natchez, and that they have also purchased a church in New Orleans. 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We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Trenton, and that they have also purchased a church in Princeton. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in New Brunswick, and that they have also purchased a church in Elizabethtown. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Jersey City, and that they have also purchased a church in Hoboken. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Paterson, and that they have also purchased a church in Newark. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Morristown, and that they have also purchased a church in Somerville. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Flemington, and that they have also purchased a church in Lambertville. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Bordentown, and that they have also purchased a church in Camden. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Salem, and that they have also purchased a church in Woodbury. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Mount Holly, and that they have also purchased a church in Burlington. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Bristol, and that they have also purchased a church in Germantown. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Chestnut Hill, and that they have also purchased a church in Norristown. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Pottstown, and that they have also purchased a church in Reading. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Lebanon, and that they have also purchased a church in Harrisburg. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Carlisle, and that they have also purchased a church in Chambersburg. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Gettysburg, and that they have also purchased a church in York. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Lancaster, and that they have also purchased a church in Columbia. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Harrisburg, and that they have also purchased a church in Pittsburgh. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Allegheny, and that they have also purchased a church in Beaver. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Meadville, and that they have also purchased a church in Erie. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Warren, and that they have also purchased a church in Titusville. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Oil City, and that they have also purchased a church in Franklin. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Venango, and that they have also purchased a church in Meadville. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Mercer, and that they have also purchased a church in Sharon. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Youngstown, and that they have also purchased a church in Warren. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Ravenna, and that they have also purchased a church in Akron. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Cleveland, and that they have also purchased a church in Sandusky. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Toledo, and that they have also purchased a church in Detroit. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Monroe, and that they have also purchased a church in Ann Arbor. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Jackson, and that they have also purchased a church in Kalamazoo. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Battle Creek, and that they have also purchased a church in Grand Rapids. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Muskegon, and that they have also purchased a church in Saginaw. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Bay City, and that they have also purchased a church in Midland. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Mount Pleasant, and that they have also purchased a church in Isabella. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Clare, and that they have also purchased a church in Gladwin. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Bay City, and that they have also purchased a church in Midland. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Mount Pleasant, and that they have also purchased a church in Isabella. We have also noticed the fact that they have purchased a church in Clare, and that they have also purchased a church in Gladwin.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

By an arrival at New Orleans we have dates from Tampico to the 1st inst. The accounts from the revolution in Mexico. The army of General Paredes has declared against the existing government, and is marching upon the capital. A revolution has been raised by the officers, in which they state that the national honor has been sacrificed by the present rulers, and that the only remedy for the evils that have overwhelmed the country is a change of rulers. The army of the North has declared against the

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from* as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Jas. R. Smith, O. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent and E. V. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, William H. Weld, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, J. Hammitt, J. S. James, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID
TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorised to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September 15, 1845.*
Received from *John Halsey,* two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent. and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September 15, 1845.*
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
SIR—I have this day received from *John Halsey,* two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for February.*—This number is embellished with two engravings, and a plate of colored fashions. The leading illustration is an exquisite mezzotint entitled "The Young Wife," which is followed by an appropriate and beautiful line engraving called "St. Valentine's Morning." This latter picture is really a gem; it is rarely that we see, in any magazine, so lovely a countenance. The fair readers of the magazine will be especially delighted with the pleasant little story of Mrs. Beauchampe, accompanying this engraving. The other embellishment is a fashion plate with four figures, containing the latest styles of walking, wedding, morning, and carriage dresses; accompanied by full letter-press descriptions of each figure, and a general miscellany of information on the prevailing fashions in New York and Philadelphia.

In its literary department this number presents superior claims, the articles being varied and well-written. "The Farmer's Daughter," by Mrs. Orne, is a story whose graphic descriptions of country life in New England, will render it a general favorite. "The Test of Love," by that powerful writer, the author of "Conquest and Self Conquest," is concluded in this number. Mrs. Stephens continues her story entitled "The Tradesman's Boast." The tale by Miss May, though containing a good moral, is however too carelessly written. With this exception, the number, both in literature and illustrations, is unusually good.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *for February.* This number contains the most beautiful steel engraving which has yet appeared in any of the magazines for 1846—the illustration we allude to is "Catherine Seyton," engraved by Rawdon, Wright and Hatch. She will be remembered as the heroine of Scott's novel, "The Abbott." The picture represents her attired in the dress of a page, with a mantle hung carelessly from her shoulder, a jaunty cap and feather, and a huge two handed Scottish broadsword on which she leans. The face is gloriously beautiful. The execution of this engraving reflects the highest credit on the enterprise of the publishers, and the skill of the engravers. The other embellishments of this number are a steel engraving, entitled "The Young Astronomer," and a plate of Paris fashions.

The literary matter is very good. Fanny Forester leads off with a touching story, whose perusal fills one's eyes with tears. Willis has a characteristic sketch, one of the very best he has written. Mrs. Stephens contributes "The Judge's Charge," which we have copied, by the publisher's permission, on our last page. Several excellent poems are in this number. The reviews are fair and varied. We notice a discriminating article on "Carlyle's Cromwell," which embodies exactly the same views we expressed last week, though, at the time our article was written, we had not yet seen the one in "Graham."

THE GREECE OF THE GREEKS. *By G. A. Perdicaris, A. M., late U. S. Consul at Athens. 2 vols. New York: Paine & Burgess. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No 98 Chestnut Street.* These are two very interesting volumes. The writer, Mr. Perdicaris, went out to Greece in 1838, and during the period of his consulate visited all the chief places of interest, ancient and modern, in that land of classic glory. Owing to the length of his stay, and his official situation he was enabled to learn more than is usual with travellers, of the country about which he writes. His remarks, therefore, may be relied on for accuracy. Apart from its value as the best work we have on the present condition of Greece, these volumes may be read with interest for the many pleasant personal incidents they relate. Altogether "Greece of the Greeks" is a highly agreeable book. It is, moreover, elegantly printed; and that too at a comparatively low price. Indeed Messrs. Paine & Burgess, the publishers of these volumes, have been the cause of the dawn of a new day in the book business; for since they began their publications other houses have been forced to follow their example, and we now have good paper and clear type instead of the wretched catchpenny affairs that used to fill the market.

A THOUSAND LINES, NOW FIRST OFFERED TO THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. *By M. Farquhar Tupper. 1 vol. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker. 1846.* The author of the "Proverbial Philosophy" needs no endorsement from us, of the sterling merit of this volume of poems. He is always a pleasant and right thinking companion, whether he writes in poetry or prose. We have copied some of his verses on our last page.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The Mayor of Baltimore has sent in his annual communication to councils, from which we learn that the assessable property of the city for the present year is $61,754,176; being an increase above the levy of last year of $1,640,684. An extension of the limits of direct taxation is recommended, there being within the city limits $3,514,441 of untaxed property.

☞ The Somerville and Elizabethtown Railroad, with all its property and privileges is advertised to be sold at public vendue, at Seiple's Hotel, in Elizabethtown, N. J. on the 22d of March, by Isaac H. Williamson, a Master in Chancery. This is in pursuance of a foreclosure of the mortgages which were upon the road.

☞ The steward of the packet ship Virginia, was convicted at Liverpool of smuggling tobacco—twenty pounds being found on him, and fifty-one pounds on board. He had to pay a fine of £100. The ship was under seizure, but would no doubt be liberated.

☞ Hon. Judah Dana, formerly a U. S. Senator from Maine, and a lawyer of good attainments and high character, died on the 27th ult., at Freyburg, Me., aged 73. He was a native of Vermont.

☞ A new company, called the Atlantic Cotton Mills, has been petitioned for in the Massachusetts Legislature, to erect a mill on the Merrimack. Capital $1,500,000.

☞ On the arrival of C. J. McNulty at Mount Vernon, Ohio, after his trial at Washington, he received a salute of thirty-six rounds, and was escorted to the Court House, where he returned his thanks for the popular demonstration, in a speech.

☞ The census of Boston, taken last year, has been finally ascertained to enumerate 114,366 inhabitants, and a gain of about thirty thousand, in population, since 1840.

☞ Several cases of small pox have recently occurred in Washington city, but the Board of Health report that the disease is gradually decreasing.

☞ The National Intelligencer announces the death of James Hogan, Esq., Attorney of the United States for the Washington District.

☞ Nimrod Coburn, 18 years of age, son of Herman Coburn, of Dracut, Mass., committed suicide by hanging himself, on Monday last.

☞ Blanket cloth, of an excellent quality, is now manufactured at Belleville, N. J.

Legislative.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.—The Message of the Governor of New Jersey is a remarkably short one. He represents that there was a balance on the 10th instant in the Treasury of $5,278. The estimated receipts for the present year are $157,780. The disbursements, deducting $25,000 for balance of special loan and State tax uncollected, are estimated at $95,334, leaving a balance for extraordinary expenses of $70,334. There is, therefore, no necessity of increased taxation to meet the extraordinary expenditures of completing the State House, Public Offices and Lunatic Asylum. The whole amount of the school fund is $380,683. In the State prison there is a gain over and above the expense of supporting the prisoners, amounting to five thousand two hundred and eighty-two dollars ninety-seven cents. Of this sum, two thousand dollars have been paid into the treasury. There are eighteen deaf and dumb and fifteen blind pupils supported at the expense of the State in the institutions established for their instruction in New York and Pennsylvania. The expenses are about equal to the appropriations for these objects.

VIRGINIA.—The Southwestern Road Bill, which was rejected in the Virginia House of Delegates some weeks since, was reconsidered and passed in that branch of the Legislature on Friday week, by a vote of 72 to 51. This Bill proposes the construction, on State account, of a Macadamized road from Buchanan to Botetourt, to the Tennessee line, a distance of about one hundred and eighty miles, passing through seven of the South western counties of the State, and seventy-five thousand dollars are appropriated by the bill to commence the work.

MISSISSIPPI.—The Governor of Mississippi, in his Message, recommends the levelling of the east bank of the Mississippi River, from the Tennessee line to the mouth of the Zazoo River, as a work of much importance to the State, and considers that the United States, to the extent of its alternate sections on the margin of that side of the river, and individuals owning lands there, as well as the State, should contribute to the construction of a levee, as joint participants in its benefits.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The part of the Message of the Governor of Massachusetts, recommending the abolition of Capital Punishment in all cases except for murder in the first degree, has been referred to a joint special committee, on the part of the House, composed, it is understood, of members favorable to the recommendation of the Governor.

Foreign News.

UNEXPECTED INTELLIGENCE.

The ship Liberty, which sailed on the 12th ult., from Liverpool, was boarded one hundred miles at sea, on Saturday afternoon, by a pilot-boat in the pay of the New York Herald. The news brought by the Liberty is more important than any received for years. *It announces the dissolution of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet,* and the organization of a Whig ministry, under Lord John Russell.

This measure was brought about by differences in the Cabinet, on the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Sir Robert Peel, as intimated in the Times, had resolved on such a measure, intending to compensate the agriculturalists in some other way; and the Duke of Wellington, who holds a sufficient number of proxies to control the House of Lords, had at first given in his adhesion to the plan. He subsequently, however changed his mind, and declared his intention of opposing the Repeal. This placed the Premier in a dilemma—for though he had a clear majority of one hundred in the Commons, he could not carry his repeal through the Lords without the aid of the Duke. In consequence he resigned and with him the whole Cabinet.

The first object of the new ministry will be a repeal of the Corn Laws—Lord John Russell and Lord Morpeth having already, by their letters, publicly committed themselves to this measure. In this they will probably be sustained by the Peel party in the Commons. Should the Lords reject the Bill a dissolution of Parliament will follow—that the sense of the people may be taken on the measure. If the new Parliament proves favorable to a repeal, it is possible sufficient new lords may be created to carry it through the Upper House.

We subjoin extracts from the leading English journals, giving an account in detail, of the change of the ministry.

CAUSES OF THE RESIGNATION.

The London Sun of Dec. 11th, gives the following account of the affair:—"The Ministry of Sir Robert Peel has resigned. The country at large may be startled by a circumstance so unexpected, but such is the fact. Yesterday morning the majority of the Cabinet, comprising the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Stanley, Mr. Goulburn, the Earl of Lincoln, and Mr. Sidney Herbert—in all, nine out of twelve or thirteen composing the entire Cabinet, proceeded by special train to Southampton, and were conveyed by the royal steamer Fairy to the Isle of Wight, where the Queen now is.

"At a Court held at Osborne House, they tendered their resignation to her Majesty, which was graciously accepted! Here is a sudden and abrupt termination of the Conservative Cabinet, and that, too, at the very moment they were supposed, and even demi-officially announced, to have become the converted organs of free trade policy in all its ramified bearings.

"It were idle to speculate on the cause of this unlooked-for disruption of the Cabinet. But one circumstance is rather significant. It might have been observed that the Duke of Wellington did not attend the Cabinet Council held on Monday, after the return of Sir Robert Peel from Osborne House on that day. The Duke had made up his mind for better for worse, and left the Cabinet to take its course. It sat only an hour, and during that eventful hour had decided on resigning the government."

The same paper says:—"Immediately upon the refusal of the Duke of Wellington, on Friday last, to carry out what he had agreed to do—namely, to propose a repeal of the Corn Laws in the House of Lords—it became apparent that resignation of office by Sir Robert Peel must follow. Lord John Russell was recommended to be sent for, and a messenger was despatched on Saturday last, to command his attendance at Osborne House. His arrival there was expected yesterday, and Sir Robert Peel expected to have met him. Sir Robert, however, returned last night, without having seen Lord John Russell.

"This morning Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel had an interview of an hour's duration, after which Lord John Russell left town for Cowes. He had an audience of her Majesty, and has returned to town this evening, having had full powers given him to form a Government. He has sent for Lord Palmerston, and is taking, it is believed, all the necessary steps to form an Administration."

THE NEW MINISTRY.

A Cabinet had not been formed when the Liberty left Liverpool; but the general impression was that it would be composed as follows.

First Lord of the Treasury—Lord John Russell.

Lord Chancellor—Lord Cottenham.

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—Lord Palmerston.

Secretary of State for the Home Department—Lord Morpeth, or Lord Normandy.

Secretary of State for the Colonies—Lord Grey.

Under Secretary for the Colonies—Mr. Charles Buller.

Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. Baring.

Attorney General—Sir T. Wilde.

Solicitor General—Mr. Dundas.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—The Marquis of Normandy.

President of the Council—The Marquis of Lansdowne.

Ambassador at Paris—Lord Clarendon.

PROBABLE DISSOLUTION.

Parliament had been prorogued from Dec. 16th, to Dec 30th. It was feared that the Whigs could not get along without a dissolution. The Globe, in reference to this, says:—"If the House of Lords should, at the instigation of any portion of the late Cabinet, place itself in opposition to the course deemed advisable by Lord John Russell and those who may be prepared to act with him, the responsibility will be cast without reserve upon the right shoulders. This will of course result in a direct appeal to the sense of the country; of the result of which, we can, in the present state of affairs, have no doubt." The Liverpool Mail, however, thinks that a majority in favor of the Whig majority cannot be attained even by a new Parliament. It says:—"Even if they have recourse to a dissolution, they are more likely to lose than gain, but they must gain more than fifty seats to replace themselves in their glorious majority of one, and it is perfectly impossible that they can gain the half of fifty. A gain of one hundred votes will be necessary to raise them to the position from which Sir Robert Peel's government retires." The same paper says of the expected dissolution. "Much inconvenience to many parties must ensue, particularly to those connected with railway bills, but we are far from believing that the inconvenience of delay for six or eight weeks may not be salutary to the country generally."

THE MARKET ABROAD.

Cotton had improved. The prices declared by the Committee of Brokers for the week, for fair Cotton, were—Bowed 4¾d, Mobile 4¾d, and Orleans 4¾d.

Agricultural Items.

A NEW PLOUGH.—At the last meeting of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, Mr. J. M. May of Illinois, exhibited two ploughs to the Society, of his own construction, which he has patented, and which he believes possess merits of a superior order. One of them is designed for sod, and the other for loose ground, but they are in reality but one implement, to be altered by a simple process, as the necessities of the farmer may require. The plough designed for sod, has an application of iron rods about one inch in diameter, instead of the usual mould board, at equal distances of about three inches, which can be regulated so as to make the furrow of any required breadth. Mr. May argues that the advantages possessed by the rods over the mould board are that the friction is generally diminished, and the furrow, however tenacious the sod may be, is crumbled and mixed more thoroughly than by any other plough. The other plough was for loose ground, and had a peculiarly constructed mould-board and no coulter. This mould-board, however, is moveable, and can be applied to the other plough in a few minutes. The shares are also moveable, and made of steel.

The Society appointed a committee, consisting of Samuel Williams, Samuel S. Ritchie, and Charles W. Harrison, to test the qualities of the ploughs by actual trial, and make report to the Society.

BARN CELLARS.—The Massachusetts Ploughman recommends barn cellars. There is no room so cheap or so good as cellar room in a barn. Here cattle are warm in winter and cool in summer—here roots of all kinds can be readily stored and easily fed out to stock—and here hay may be unloaded with half the labor that is required to pitch it on scaffolds. Some barns are so constructed that parts of the cellar are used for all these purposes. When a farmer is building, the extra cost of a cellar under his barn is quite trifling compared with the room that he adds under the same roof. In most cases the farmer has rocks enough, and common farm laborers can dig the cellar and stone it.

TIME TO CUT TIMBER.—In a paper by Hon. Timothy Pickering, presented to the Agricultural Society of Massachusetts in 1821, it asserted that oaks felled in May lasted 22 years, whereas those cut in February, lasted but 12, though exposed under the same circumstances. A farmer in that State cut a birch for a well-sweep, in May, and peeled the bark off; it lasted 17 years; but birch felled in the winter season, and left with the bark attached, does not last more than a year.

Fires.

☞ On the evening of the 2d instant, the dwelling of Mr. George Miller, of Ecorse township, Michigan, with its contents, was consumed by fire, and sorrowful to relate, two of his children were also consumed. The father had absented himself for a few moments, when the house was discovered to be on fire, and all attempts to rescue the children were unavailing. The distraction of the parent upon thus seeing his children perish in the flames can be conceived but not described. With difficulty he could be kept from rushing in and sharing their fate. The fire originated, it is supposed, from a spark lighting on a pallet bed.

☞ A fire broke out at Columbia, Maury county, on Tuesday night week, which consumed near one fourth of the town, lying near the square—embracing the silversmith's shops of Wm. R. & James Hodge, Stickland's cabinet shop, Helm's shoe shop, Estes' tinner shop, Gamblin's grocery, Kelly's dry goods store, the Observer printing office, two unoccupied store rooms belonging to M'Gwire, a brick house belonging to the Planter's Bank, the large Eagle Hotel, kept by Mr. Franklin, Mrs. Annerson's house, with several other frame houses, kitchens, John the Barber's, &c.

☞ Hill's Patriot states that the loss by the fire at the Concord Railroad Depot has been overrated. The whole loss will not exceed $50,000, and the loss of Messrs. Gilmore & Clapp, over their insurance will range from $16,000 to $20,000.

General News.

☞ A genteely dressed young man, who gave his name as Albion Floyd, was arrested on Saturday week, in Baltimore, on suspicion of being the perpetrator of several extensive robberies in Baltimore and Washington cities, and elsewhere. Upon his person were found a large and valuable diamond ring, and a variety of jewelry which was stolen from Lieut. Wm. D. Porter, of the Navy, while boarding at the United States Hotel, Washington; a lady's gold watch and chain, the property of the wife of Mr. Fuller, of Fuller's Hotel, Washington; a valuable gold lever hunting watch, with heavy gold guard, identified by Mr. G. D. Clark, of Baltimore, as being the one he sold to Mr. Hurlbert, who was recently robbed of it and some jewelry at Barnum's Hotel; together with a large variety of jewelry, such as gold pencil cases, breast-pins, rings, hair-pins, necklaces, &c. In his trunks were also found a variety of jewelry of every description; several gold watches; an olive cloth overcoat, marked on the loop of the collar, "Col. J. W. Webb;" a lady's portfolio, with the name of Miss Woodbury on it, and a package of letters directed to her, together with a variety of clothing. A female passing by the name of Mrs Clark, who arrived in Baltimore in company with Floyd, was likewise arrested on suspicion of being connected with him in the robberies. The articles were subsequently identified by the owners. Justice Gray deeming the evidence against Mrs. Clark insufficient to warrant her detention, ordered her to be discharged. Floyd was remanded for a further examination. The rogue was arrested on Saturday, about three o'clock, on information sent by *Telegraph* to Washington, and the witnesses went to Baltimore by the five o'clock train. In the course of the examination the magistrate referred to the quickness with which witnesses were collected in this case, as another evidence of the value of the Telegraph in overtaking rogues, as he himself had had several cases before him, where rogues running by Railroad from Washington, were collared by the constables on landing from the cars at Baltimore, owing to the information sent by Telegraph between the two cities.

☞ Footpads are becoming numerous in Baltimore. On Friday week about two o'clock in the afternoon, a farmer, Mr. Solomon Tipton, while passing out Calvert street to the Belvidere Depot of the Susquehanna Railroad, was knocked down by two men, who, after a severe struggle, succeeded in wresting from him the sum of eighty-three dollars. The daring outrage, perpetrated in the open day, took place within the limits of the city. On Sunday night last, a Mr. Mettan, was attacked near the City Mills, by three rowdies, who knocked him down three times before they left him, suspecting, however, that they wanted his pocket book, he dropped it on the ground, where he afterwards found it safe.

☞ Grain and hay are both quite high in New Hampshire. Even on the Connecticut River, corn is now worth one dollar a bushel, and oats fifty cents. Hay is worth from eight to ten dollars a ton.

☞ The Cleveland Plain Dealer, of last week, states that a gentleman from the East, arrived at the Franklin House, in that city, several days since, bringing with him a large leather trunk marked "S. C. Ottis," and which is supposed to be his name. He appeared to be insane, walking about the house at unusual hours of the night in a very melancholic mood, and was several times seen in the streets without a hat or a coat, and in his slippers. On Tuesday evening, he became so much deranged that one of the boarders stayed with him most of the night, bathing his head and quieting his nerves.

The next morning, just after daylight, he was seen in the hall by Mr. Scovill, who requested him to go into his room and stay there. This is the last that has been seen of him. He appeared about thirty-five years old, of middling stature, and well dressed. A gentleman who came in the stage with him, inferred from some conversation along the road, that he had left a wife at Waterloo, N. Y., and that from his melancholy appearance, he was laboring under domestic troubles. In his insane turns he complained of his friends deserting him; and it is feared from his sudden disappearance that he has committed suicide.

MAKE YOUR CELLARS WARM.—Great detriment is often experienced by farmers from a neglect to secure their cellars at the proper season. Cellars ought, if possible, to be so constructed as to render the labor of "banking" unnecessary, but as this is seldom the case, entire and perfect security against frost, should be furnished before the weather becomes too severe. The potato crop, this season, has fallen far short of an average one; consequently the economization of the entire product, is a matter of great importance to the farmer, as well as to the community at large. We can but ill afford to lose even the smallest fraction of the very inconsiderable and scanty harvest which the "rot" has left us—so, farmers, see at once to your "bankings," and be on the alert in order that the insidious Jack—who is busy at this season, and a perfect Hibernian in his love of the potato, does not rob you of the few that remain for seed.

☞ At Galena, on the 17th ult., the mercury in the thermometer fell seventeen degrees below zero; on Thursday morning, it was sixteen degrees. A German, named Yost, a cabinet maker, was frozen to death in J. M. Platte & Co.'s warehouse on Friday morning. On Sunday, the 21st, as a team belonging to Mr. Jonas, of Bellevieu, was crossing the Mississippi on the ice, the whole broke through and were drowned. A German walking behind the team with a log chain around his neck, was drowned at the same time.

☞ The Baltimore Sun says that a most shameful trick was practised on the pastor of a church in that city on Wednesday evening week, and a number of other persons; the reverend gentleman having been requested to have the church prepared for a wedding, invitations having been also sent in every direction. At the appointed hour, the minister was there, prepared to officiate, and a large assembly in attendance, to witness the ceremony, but after waiting a considerable time, the expected parties failed to appear.

☞ On the 9th inst., at Lexington, Ky., a deplorable occurrence took place, by which a life was suddenly lost. Mr. Lafayette Shelby, encountered Mr. Henry Horine, a clerk in the grocery story of Messrs. Swift and Robbins—in the street and immediately drew a pistol and shot Horine through the head, occasioning instant death. Shelby was instantly arrested and committed to prison. The circumstances which brought about this murder are not stated.

☞ The passengers on board the steamboat Belle Zane, have published a card in the New Orleans papers, in which they express the opinion that about sixty-five persons perished by the sinking of that boat. There were one hundred and twenty five persons on board at the time of the accident; and of that number sixty-four reached the shore, four of whom were frozen to death.

☞ On Saturday afternoon last, Rachel Bucher, wife of John Bucher, of South Lebanon Township, Lebanon County, committed suicide by jumping into a well, during a fit of temporary insanity. Mrs. Bucher was about 58 years of age, and had been laboring under a depression of spirits for some time past.

☞ A number of passengers on the steamer Independence have published a card in the St. Louis Republican, proving conclusively that the charge made against Capt. O'Harra, of inhumanly treating his German passengers, by leaving them on shore, &c., is false in every particular.

☞ Two men, named Baldwin and Morgan being on a frolic on Christmas Day quarrelled at Covington, Louisiana, and in a fight which ensued, Morgan bit off Baldwin's ear. Baldwin thereupon picked up his gun and shot Morgan dead. Baldwin is now in Covington jail.

☞ The total product of oil taken in the Pacific during the last season by 47 ships, included in the list, is 42,070 bbls., falling short of the average of the previous year nearly one third, and must tend materially to advance the price of this staple.

☞ On Friday week, about two o'clock a parcel containing $2,800, was stolen from the desk of the teller of the Boston Bank, in bills of that bank. They had only been brought in from the Globe Bank a few minutes before they were missed.

☞ The Mobile Herald of the 6th states that Mr. Aversin, the French Consul at that place, disappeared some two weeks ago and has not been heard of since. It is supposed that some fatal accident has occasioned this prolonged absence.

☞ The Richmond Times says that the act divorcing Mrs. S. C. P. Thomas from her husband Francis Thomas, and changing her name to S. C. P. McDowell, passed the Senate on Wednesday week, and has therefore become a law.

☞ Died, at Far West, Missouri, on the 10th ultimo, Robert Morton Bullock, known as the "Hero of the Sheperdess," on account of his gallant and successful efforts in saving the lives of many of the passengers of that ill-fated boat.

☞ A bill to suppress gambling, has passed the Ohio House of Representatives, having previously passed the Senate. It is a very stringent measure, and if faithfully enforced, must suppress the vice to a great extent in that State.

☞ Thomas alias Dean, one of the individuals concerned in the murder of Frederick Edwards at Bourneville, Ross County, Ohio, has been convicted of murder in the first degree, and is to be executed on the 6th day of March next.

☞ Miss Ann Van Horn, a maiden lady of 24 years of age, committed suicide at Lebanon, Ohio, on the 24th ult.; she had been indisposed, and took the opportunity of the absence of the household to hang herself.

☞ A gang of coiners, whose mint was a short distance from Toronto, and who had long been industriously engaged in counterfeiting Mexican dollars, has been discovered, and two or three of them arrested.

☞ The House of Delegates of Virginia, by a vote of seventy-two to fifty-one, has passed the bill incorporating the Southwestern Railroad Company.

☞ Santa Ana is bigger than the famous Colossus of Rhodes. He stands with one foot on the Island of Cuba, and the other in the city of Mexico.

☞ A colored man has been arrested at Raleigh, N. C., for kidnapping the child of a free blind man of color, to sell him as a slave.

☞ "The last link is broken which bound me to thee!" as the galley-slave sang, when he sawed himself free.

☞ The firemen of Baltimore have been again disgracing themselves with street fights.

Casualties.

☞ On Wednesday last, as the Morristown (N. J.) stage was coming down the steep hill in Phillipsburg, opposite Easton, Pa., the horses took fright and started off at full speed. The driver, Stephen Garrison, was pitched from his seat and struck his head upon the ground so violently as to fracture his scull and cause his almost instant death.

☞ At Mattapoisett, Mass., Charles Beals, Jr., and Stephen Crosby, each about seventeen years of age, fell through the ice, on Friday week, while engaged in taking eels, and were drowned.

☞ A son of Mr. Schaffer, while riding from Belvidere Mill, near Charleston, S. C., on the 12th inst., was thrown from his wagon on the rail-road track, and expired almost immediately.

☞ On Wednesday evening of last week, about 9 o'clock, Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Ennis, of New ...

ALMANAC

Jan. 1846.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
24 SATURDAY,	7 8	4 52	11 50	
25 SUNDAY,	7 7	4 53	12 50	D. H. M.
26 MONDAY,	7 6	4 54	1 30	
27 TUESDAY,	7 5	4 56	2 25	
28 WEDNESDAY,	7 4	4 56	3 8	First 4 9 24
29 THURSDAY,	7 3	4 57	3 44	Full 12 9 1
30 FRIDAY,	7 2	4 58	4 23	Last 20 10 51
31 SATURDAY,	7 1	4 59	5 2	New 27 4 22

Married,

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. HENRY WOODROP, to Miss MARTHA F. ALLEN, all of this city.

In New York, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. H. Chase, Mr. STEPHEN A. MANN, youngest son of Edward B. Mann, of New York, to Miss ANN E. ISELTON, of Philadelphia.

On the 15th inst. OLIVER B. C. WILSON, of Philadelphia, to CAROLINE BROADHURST, by Friends' ceremony, at the house of Joseph Broadhurst, Lahaska Valley, Bucks county.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Shadrack, Mr. WM. H. RICHARD, to ELLEN S., and on the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. CHARLES C. FRENCH, to HENRIETTA E. daughters of James Hansell, Esq. all of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. RICHARD T. V. WHITE, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH H. eldest daughter of Isaac Beans, late of Bucks county.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Barns, Mr. EDWARD BARNETT, to Miss MARY A. DAVID, both of Southwark, Philada.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Dr. CHAS. CARTER, of Virginia, to EMILY, daughter of the late G. Blight.

On the 1st inst. in Westmoreland county, STEWART WHITEHILL, to Miss NANCY, daughter of Wm. Hunter, Sr. of Mount Pleasant.

On the 8th inst. in Westmoreland county, MICHAEL EHRHEART, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Henry Henry, all of Hempfield, Township.

In Luzerne county, on the 8th inst. ISAAC N. BROUGHTON, of Kingston, to Miss HARRIET SMITH, of Franklin.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. E. Neville, Mr. JACOB H. BECHTEL, to Miss SARAH, daughter of the late Wilson Bechtel, Esq. all of this city.

On the 13th inst. at St. John's Cathedral, by the Rev. F. X. Gartland, Mr. JAMES FULLERTON, of Baltimore, to Miss MARY MURPHY, of New Castle, Del.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. HENRY MORRISON, to Miss MARY GREEN, both of Delaware.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Mr. J. ALEXANDER SMITH, to Miss ANNA M. KATES, both of Spring Garden.

Died,

On the 19th inst. Mrs. A. H. A. MARKLEY, in the 99th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. DEBORAH K. wife of Geo. W. Pierson, in the 33d year of her age.

On the 19th inst. SARAH, wife of John S. Whetstone, aged 28 years.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. ANN BROWN, aged 66 years.

At the Nurseries, Long Island Farm, on the 19th inst. JOSEPH G. BOYCE, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 19th inst. in the 4th year of her age, ANNA M. ROBINSON, adopted daughter of Charles B. and Ann E. Robinson.

On the 18th inst. HENRY CLAY, son of H. K. and S. F. Martin, aged 11 months.

On the 18th instant, JOHN WEAVER, late Register of Wills for the city and county of Philadelphia.

On the 19th inst. Miss MARY DELANY, youngest daughter of the late Sharp Delany, Esq. of this city.

On the 19th inst. in the 1st year of his age, FRANCIS GRAHAM, son of Charles A. Jr. and Christine Poulson.

On the 17th inst. MARION POLLARD, daughter of the late Abner Pollard, in the 8th year of her age.

Selected Poetry.

THE LONELY MOTHER.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

My home is not what it hath been,
When the lowers of other years were green,
Though its interior is bright and its chambers fair,
And the summer breeze all brightly there;
But they fail me now the clear spring eye,
And the lip of pleasant song,
And the glossier night that was wont to lie
On the curls so dark and long;

Oh! pleasant is the voice of youth,
For it tells of the heart's confiding truth,
And keeps that free and fearless tone
That never is cast after years is known;
I hear it can in each kindred cot,
Our evening prayer and page,
But woe for the hearth that heareth naught
But the dreary tone of age.

The glow is gone from our winter blaze,
And the light hath passed from our summer days;
And our dwelling hath no household wing,
For the soul of heart and the grey of hair;
For on young lips low 'neath the churchyard sod,
Where ivy grass grows green and wild,
And thy mother's heart is sad for thee,
My lost, my child!

But a widening music seems to flow
On me from the years of long ago,
As the bird's first words could my mother send clear,
Like a widow from the childhood to mine ear;
And her smile beams back on my soul's repose
Thy heavenly early morn,
For those eyes grow dim with tears or pain,
Or thy lovely locks were shorn.

Alas! for the widowed eyes that trace
Their early look in their orphan face;
What other light will his memory steck,
Like the dove, that in spring time sought her ark?
For long in that far and barren land
Were her spirit's treasures hid,
And she might not ever look on a golden strand
For the love of letters that lids.

But woe for her to whom grief hath sway alone
The light of its mother's love hat gone,
Oh! well if that lonely path lead on
To the land where her mother's steps have gone;
The land where the aged find their youth,
And the young no withering blight;
Oh! safe, my child, from both time and death,
Let us hope to meet that there.

From the Magazines.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR FEBRUARY.
[EDITED BY DEMOCRATS.]

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

It was late at night, between eleven and twelve, when the citizens of Lodge stepped from the hackney coach, which had conveyed him from the City Hall, and mounted the steps of his dwelling. Though muffled in fur and cloaked in a thickly quilted wrapper, he shuddered with the cold while entering to fit his key in the night latch, for the side window were white with snow and hail, which the sharp winds whistled into the air again, and left in piles and ridges around the door steps ere, for she was so

After some difficulty the judge succeeded in letting himself into the hall. He only paused to shake the frost from his outer garments and deposit his umbrella with others that were dripping in the stand, amid a little pool of half-frozen water—for the lamp burned dimly and the hall fire was out, making the passage more than usually gloomy. It was a cheerful contrast when the judge turned the bolt of the door leading to a little conservatory, that opened from one end of the cold, dark hall. The little grate of flowers, whose warmth was heaped with an throttle cool all in a glow, rendering the apartment warm and luminous enough, without the aid of two wax candles that shed their mellow light over a glassful of frosted silver, that stood on the mantel piece, and gave a flickering tinge of the rainbow to a pendulum of similar glass which was entered like swing among the warm atmosphere.

With a sigh of relief the judge threw his heavy gem into a corner, pulled off his damp boots and drawing forth a well-worn dressing gown and a pair of quilted slipper, from a closet behind the door, prepared to make himself warm and comfortable, after a day of actual anxiety and fatigue.

"Well," he muttered, rubbing his hands softly together as he sank into the enormous easy chair, whose cushions closed around him with a soft and genial like clasp. "Dark Heaven, I am home at last. Poor fellow—poor fellow! I am afraid it will go hard with him!"

Here the judge paused, and sunk into a train of thought, which seemed both deep and painful. He was yet scarcely a middle aged man, and of a character and death had not hardened his naturally kind nature. As he large brown eyes dwelt upon the fire, their shining expression was that of pity, mingled sore and then with a current flash, as if he were struggling to master the painful emotions that crowded upon him. At length he started upright in his chair, thrust his feet into the well trodden slipper, which in his soliloquy had fallen to the hearth-rug, and leaning another step heard, seemed to cast off the painful thoughts that had oppressed him. Stepping forward, he hastily opened the room from a little china vase that stood within the fender, and lifting the spoon, tasted the golden mixture that had remained over the upper night but wholly contained. Then closing the cover again, he drew a comfortable closer to his chair, cut the leaves of a new magazine which he had just received, and at last bent and a pile of papers as he or one sided that stood on the floor, and the bell handle of the bell at the bottom of the corner he had cleared, he began to regale himself with the rich soup, while he read the magazine he had selected. He had scarcely sup to knock made a clatter which would keep dodging up and down, here and there, in the dining room completely, but he kept over his supper until every tone he attempted to kill it.

He had just succeeded in breaking his tormentor and was rolling over the fragments as they floated softly into his spoon, when the door bell rang with a violence that made him drop the spoon and start half up from his chair.

"Nonsense!" he said, recollect. "Something has touched the bell cord accidentally. Who could be here at night?" he muttered, sinking back to his solitary meal, but another pull from the bell heavy and heavy, as if agitated hand had pulled it with all its convulsive violence, deprived him of all doubt as to the subject. He dropped back his chair hastily, dressing gown around him and taking a light from the mantel-piece, went out but though he walked with unusual haste for him, the bell handle had ceased to vibrate. A cord of wind blew out his candle as he opened the door, but there was enough light to see the form of a female who stood on the door step, muffled in a cloth cloak, and with a crimson veil hood drawn over her face. In the misty darkness behind her, the judge discerned the outline of a carriage, one of the large ones, but there was a small light at the other, and the judge could see dimly that it was of red glass, too dark to tell its livery coach, and without the number, which should have been on the door. The horses was a faint gleam of gold embroidery from that and at moment which met the light, but no sign that it might have been attended by a handful of footmen, sailed itself finding by the lamp.

Without speaking a word the woman entered the hall and walked forward, but the small door was open and she had nearly reached it before the judge could close the door against the storm, which was now howling full in his face.

"Are you alone, quite alone?" said the stranger voice, as he attempted that he was alone, and as he naturally calm, but was clear and sweet.

The judge was overwhelmed with astonishment but he answered that he was quite alone, and as the study followed by his singular guest. It his surprise was great when she was self unconscious in darkness of the one fold where she stood within the glowing light which filled the room. She was young, scarcely more than and thinly clad, but for the matchless fullness of her features, and the glitter of her large blue eyes, would have been thus ordinarily beautiful. Her cloak was open, and fell in the fur till the hair upon her silk mantle melted and hung in quivering waves among the black and glossy folds. Her hood had been drawn off, and hung down from her head, and falling on the on placed hand where held her from home, and ceased to answer her. She lifted her large eyes toward the judge, who had not yet shut off his astonishment, and gazed hastily in her face, till her eyes sunk under her wild and intense look.

"You seem calm," said she at last. "Can you sit on the hearth all day, watching the last brands hour a human being in the gallows, and at night sick into that chair, quite comfortable and at ease, as if nothing had happened?"

A tinge of red shot over the judge's temple, but he saw that the young creature before him was no object of resentment, and answered her mildly.

"I am not without feeling," he said. "It would be better for me if I were. The judge who condemns is sometimes almost as much to be pitied as the victim. After a day like this, he should not be reproached for seeking a moment's relief from the pain of his duties."

"You did feel for him, then?" exclaimed the girl, while a gleam of light shot to her eye. "Cold and like the temples with indignation that any man could have advised a brike to him. 'It was well that you judged more leniently of a fellow creature, for if anything could win me to forgetfulness of a stern duty it would be your evident distress—not your gold."

"I know it—I know it—and the blessings of a broken heart will follow you to the grave for every merciful word uttered in favor of the guilty one. Oh, the clock is striking. It is twelve! I will go home now. They think I am at a party, and so I was two hours ago—one hour brilliant they made me" and with a mingled laugh and shudder the strange girl threw open her cloak, and revealed a dress of rose colored satin and rich blond, in the folds of which a few white roses were crushed. "Would you believe me," she said with touching earnestness and folding the cloak over her person again, "would you think it possible, on creature in my father's house dreamed of this, not even my own mother? They think that late hours and fashionable follies are rendering me so pale. To-night they will be all asleep when I go home, and I—oh Heaven, that I ever should forget!"

The wretched girl covered her face with both hands, and, for the first time during the interview, burst into tears. After weeping with unrestrained violence for a few moments, she uncovered her face with a mad smile, and continued: "I have not been hard between both here, blend it, and let the room nothing bitterly. Before the judge could entertain her, or offer he hear of comfort, she continued by such means. Those who love passionately act passionately. I was ardent, impulsive, sometimes arrogant. He would not suffer these things in me, because I was said to have intellect, and was rich; had I been poor like himself, and selfishly weak, he would have applied me his pride in my spirit love. We quarrelled. It matters not how or wherefore, and he went away. He shall seek me first after—he shall, well, well, he will, till my pride was quenched in keen anxiety. I wrote then, and his answer was that he was married! He was married that! did not love him—that my emotions and haughty will arose from lack of affection. He should never love me unless he loved me as he had loved me, but he was married! I had cast him from my heart, and while his soul was thirsting for sympathy and tenderness, she, the woman he married, was—Oh! I am not jealous. He was in the whirl of society, and fancying that excitement was a second birth of love, that his first passion had perished, when it was only in essential, passion had perished, when it was only in essential, sleep, he pledged himself irrevocably to another.

"Oh, how I had loved that man! how truly I suffered! but no human creature dreamed of it; why should they? I had nothing but my pride left and that kept me silent. I was married, and not from the anguish which sympathy would have made more bitter. This was two years ago. He did not return to the city for months, and when he did come back, with his bride, I was not by choice we met. I saw her often, though. She was sweet, winning, and that is enough with a burning at the heart, and sometimes of haughty scorn, that one who had made me feel that she was not her inferior woman in intellect and person—my pride, as well as my affection, was outraged to his choice of a wife. Gradually that anguish changed into a strange sort of strong energies suddenly rendered hopeless Jealous affection made me more spiteful, and I tried to wound him by a sharp sarcasm a word together. It was a bitter joy to me when I was first convinced that he did not love her as he had formerly loved me. My pride was appeased, by this knowledge, but as that gave way the passionate love so long held in check burst into strength again. It was vain that I dreaded—we never should have sought each other—but after two years' separation we were thrown together in a ball room, and I—I was a terrible meeting for us both—terrible in itself, most terrible in its consequences. For the first time in our lives we passed another whole hours back to the other. All thoughts of pride or guidance were swept away by the tempest that burst from our hearts. I will tell you all that was said in that last interview. The expression of sorrow and bitter regret on both sides, the wild joy that we had met once more. It was all that even in this terrible trial he seems calm and unsympathized. It is only the cash of a strong will that keeps it down. That day he seemed equally calm, equally immovable, and this made my grief more eloquent. All cold shrunk of the struggle that was going on under that cold exterior, and thinking that he did not suffer equally with myself, abandoned myself to the impulse of my passionate love, and greater than he already lavished feelings on to madness.

"What of she were her death? I remember saying this more than once. It was wild, sinful, but only an expression of agony. Heaven is not judge I had not thought of murder, but I can I help you? And that wish my hands were both clasped, within his, and as he bent over me I saw that his features were pale and had deadly pale. But strong my love I put my hands and laughed—laughed! I say. You see a judge can laugh in the midst of misery—in the midst of a breaking heart—the wild cries of an upraised intellect are your study—tell me if this man had not a heart—if that was not the deepest wound of him, if he had not been cruel! 'Oh that she were dead!' I uttered in the anguish of my heart. I had my wish—she died—and I—I am a murderer!"

The stranger sank to a chair as she ceased speaking, covered her face and shuddered, but when she looked up again her features were calm, and her eyes were dry and painfully brilliant as before.

"What can I do for you?" she said. "Can I help you?" said the judge, deeply moved by her fearless agony.

"Tell me," she said, "was he not insane?" Her voice had sunk to a whisper, and her whole was held back with intense anxiety for his answer.

It is but charity to believe that all great crimes are committed in a state of insanity," said the old and kind judge, anxious to soothe her.

Then you do think that he was insane?" she said, with a look of wild joy. "Oh, I am glad! I am glad! God bless you for saying that. God be praised that it was his story that convinced you of his insanity. I was his story that convinced you of his insanity. I will not repeat what I have said, word for word, will it is evidence for his self-accusation. He was married and had been married by my wicked frenzy."

The judge knitted—he could not bear to crush the poor girl, but he watched her with anxiety.

"Speak," she said. "tell me, I beseech you!"

"I am afraid it would but prove a new motive for the murder—the extreme charged upon him!" he said at last, after a moment's reflection, and then he rose, and walked to the window, as if to avoid her look.

The bell back in her chair for an instant, as if struck helpless by his words, but instantly rallying again, she said—

Then you do not think I had better not appear?"

"I could do no good, but might supply the only link wanting in a chain of evidence against the unfortunate man. That is a matter for the author to decide."

"Still you believe him to have been insane? You have heard all, and in your charge to-morrow every word that I have said will be remembered."

The judge was deeply embarrassed, and it was his difficulty that he could not decide to suppress or

"I cannot, as an honest man, I dare not, as a sworn judge, make a charge on any evidence not legally obtained. I am sorry for you, for him, but I cannot, with deep consternation.

"Oh Heaven, good Heaven! You cannot deny that you believe me to be insane. It can only be that you say that there was anything in the evidence to prove him insane, it would save him. A human life! think how dreary it must be to sit there and see man like that from death—and such a death! The pain blames for two only, though I am not sure that there were three, one by one, ever since the trial commenced. I know that they are men to be guided by reason, and I have spoken above reason. Only say that to-morrow—I ask nothing more!"

The earnestness of the request was only equaled by the agonizing, her cheek was pale as death, and her hands convulsively clasped, not in the energy of her appeal she could not control, but in the energy of her struggle to suppress that cold exterior, and conceal the deep emotion that was shaking her whole frame.

"God bless you for those tears. I know they were wrung who said you had no feeling. How do you think that you are advised me to act? See, I was to be brought this money to offer to you, and there and there!" She drew from the folds of her dress a large double purse corroded full of bank notes, and with it a heavy diamond bracelet, with other female ornaments of great value. "I have given the lawyer almost as much to plead his cause; gold can purchase his eloquence, but I dare not offer it to you. My heart rose against his advice the moment I entered this room!"

"It was well," replied the judge, crimsoning in the temples with indignation that any man could have advised a bribe to him. "It was well that you judged more leniently of a fellow creature, for if anything could win me to forgetfulness of a stern duty it would be your evident distress—not your gold."

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The wretched girl covered her face with both hands, and, for the first time during the interview, burst into tears. After weeping with unrestrained violence for a few moments, she uncovered her face with a mad smile, and continued: "I have not been hard between both here, blend it, and let the room nothing bitterly. Before the judge could entertain her, or offer he hear of comfort, she continued by such means. Those who love passionately act passionately. I was ardent, impulsive, sometimes arrogant. He would not suffer these things in me, because I was said to have intellect, and was rich; had I been poor like himself, and selfishly weak, he would have applied me his pride in my spirit love. We quarrelled. It matters not how or wherefore, and he went away. He shall seek me first after—he shall, well, well, he will, till my pride was quenched in keen anxiety. I wrote then, and his answer was that he was married! He was married that! did not love him—that my emotions and haughty will arose from lack of affection. He should never love me unless he loved me as he had loved me, but he was married! I had cast him from my heart, and while his soul was thirsting for sympathy and tenderness, she, the woman he married, was—Oh! I am not jealous. He was in the whirl of society, and fancying that excitement was a second birth of love, that his first passion had perished, when it was only in essential, passion had perished, when it was only in essential, sleep, he pledged himself irrevocably to another.

"Oh, how I had loved that man! how truly I suffered! but no human creature dreamed of it; why should they? I had nothing but my pride left and that kept me silent. I was married, and not from the anguish which sympathy would have made more bitter. This was two years ago. He did not return to the city for months, and when he did come back, with his bride, I was not by choice we met. I saw her often, though. She was sweet, winning, and that is enough with a burning at the heart, and sometimes of haughty scorn, that one who had made me feel that she was not her inferior woman in intellect and person—my pride, as well as my affection, was outraged to his choice of a wife. Gradually that anguish changed into a strange sort of strong energies suddenly rendered hopeless Jealous affection made me more spiteful, and I tried to wound him by a sharp sarcasm a word together. It was a bitter joy to me when I was first convinced that he did not love her as he had formerly loved me. My pride was appeased, by this knowledge, but as that gave way the passionate love so long held in check burst into strength again. It was vain that I dreaded—we never should have sought each other—but after two years' separation we were thrown together in a ball room, and I—I was a terrible meeting for us both—terrible in itself, most terrible in its consequences. For the first time in our lives we passed another whole hours back to the other. All thoughts of pride or guidance were swept away by the tempest that burst from our hearts. I will tell you all that was said in that last interview. The expression of sorrow and bitter regret on both sides, the wild joy that we had met once more. It was all that even in this terrible trial he seems calm and unsympathized. It is only the cash of a strong will that keeps it down. That day he seemed equally calm, equally immovable, and this made my grief more eloquent. All cold shrunk of the struggle that was going on under that cold exterior, and thinking that he did not suffer equally with myself, abandoned myself to the impulse of my passionate love, and greater than he already lavished feelings on to madness.

"What of she were her death? I remember saying this more than once. It was wild, sinful, but only an expression of agony. Heaven is not judge I had not thought of murder, but I can I help you? And that wish my hands were both clasped, within his, and as he bent over me I saw that his features were pale and had deadly pale. But strong my love I put my hands and laughed—laughed! I say. You see a judge can laugh in the midst of misery—in the midst of a breaking heart—the wild cries of an upraised intellect are your study—tell me if this man had not a heart—if that was not the deepest wound of him, if he had not been cruel! 'Oh that she were dead!' I uttered in the anguish of my heart. I had my wish—she died—and I—I am a murderer!"

The stranger sank to a chair as she ceased speaking, covered her face and shuddered, but when she looked up again her features were calm, and her eyes were dry and painfully brilliant as before.

"What can I do for you?" she said. "Can I help you?" said the judge, deeply moved by her fearless agony.

"Tell me," she said, "was he not insane?" Her voice had sunk to a whisper, and her whole was held back with intense anxiety for his answer.

It is but charity to believe that all great crimes are committed in a state of insanity," said the old and kind judge, anxious to soothe her.

Then you do think that he was insane?" she said, with a look of wild joy. "Oh, I am glad! I am glad! God bless you for saying that. God be praised that it was his story that convinced you of his insanity. I will not repeat what I have said, word for word, will it is evidence for his self-accusation. He was married and had been married by my wicked frenzy."

The judge knitted—he could not bear to crush the poor girl, but he watched her with anxiety.

"Speak," she said. "tell me, I beseech you!"

"I am afraid it would but prove a new motive for the murder—the extreme charged upon him!" he said at last, after a moment's reflection, and then he rose, and walked to the window, as if to avoid her look.

The bell back in her chair for an instant, as if struck helpless by his words, but instantly rallying again, she said—

Then you do not think I had better not appear?"

"I could do no good, but might supply the only link wanting in a chain of evidence against the unfortunate man. That is a matter for the author to decide."

"Still you believe him to have been insane? You have heard all, and in your charge to-morrow every word that I have said will be remembered."

The judge was deeply embarrassed, and it was his difficulty that he could not decide to suppress or

"I cannot, as an honest man, I dare not, as a sworn judge, make a charge on any evidence not legally obtained. I am sorry for you, for him, but I cannot, with deep consternation.

"Oh Heaven, good Heaven! You cannot deny that you believe me to be insane. It can only be that you say that there was anything in the evidence to prove him insane, it would save him. A human life! think how dreary it must be to sit there and see man like that from death—and such a death! The pain blames for two only, though I am not sure that there were three, one by one, ever since the trial commenced. I know that they are men to be guided by reason, and I have spoken above reason. Only say that to-morrow—I ask nothing more!"

The earnestness of the request was only equaled by the agonizing, her cheek was pale as death, and her hands convulsively clasped, not in the energy of her appeal she could not control, but in the energy of her struggle to suppress that cold exterior, and conceal the deep emotion that was shaking her whole frame.

"God bless you for those tears. I know they were wrung who said you had no feeling. How do you think that you are advised me to act? See, I was to be brought this money to offer to you, and there and there!" She drew from the folds of her dress

Ladies' Boudoir.

SONG.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Call me part woman, dearest! Call me a bird,
That flies to thy lowest or can cherishing word,
That folds its soft wings there, and, dreaming of night,
That tenderly sings there to sleep thee delight!
Oh! my sad heart keeps joying for one fond word—
Call me but woman, dearest! Call me a bird!

Call me sweet names, darling! Call me a flower,
That droops when its leaves—thy heart—grows cold,
That blooms from the sealed, the false and bold,
Then lives in memory, dearest! Call me sweet!
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thy flower!

Call me fond names, dearest! Call me a star,
Whose smile's beaming welcome thou feel'st fear afar,
Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee,
Then like "light" call me, dearest! Call me thy star!
Oh! rend thy rich bark, where its waves rage and roll,
Call me part woman, darling! Call me thy soul!
Call me dear names, darling! Call me thy own!
Call me part woman, darling! Call me a star!
Call me part woman, darling! Call me thine own!
Let thy fond worship thy being extol,
Call me part woman, darling! Call me thine own!
Call me part woman, darling! Call me thine own!

HOME.

FOR MUSIC.

I never left the place that knew me,
And may never know me more,
Where the cords of kindness flow me,
And have gladdened me of pure;
But my secret soul has mourned
With a feeling full of gloom
For the days that are departed
And the place I call my home.

TO MART.

Oh! when those lips we loved are cold,
And fond is silent death,
The tender tear that dew they sold,
Turn not with parting breath.

A word—a tone—survives in hour—
As angel's passing strain!
Once heard, when distance bears from Heaven had sworn,
And never heard again.

From eyes that death hath closed, a gleam
Twills softly on the heart,
That joins with life its blessed beam,
Till life itself depart.

Then from its best exhaling dews
It purely parts above;
And with the morning and repose
To light it up to love.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The London correspondent of the Boston Atlas gives us the following glimpse at a nonsense in real life. He is at the opera, and says—"Do you see that lady, in a side box, who is dressed, perhaps, in a plainer style than any one else in the house? Her dress is not only of the richest description, and seems so familiar, that, immediately on glancing at it, we involuntarily ask ourselves where we could have seen it before? What a noble bearing! And what a how much expression is there in that finely carved profile! It is the Dowager Countess of Essex—her self. She has been living, a year or two since, under the debt of nature. The Countess of Essex's history is in itself a romance of real life. An old Duke of Italy, who had been a widower for years, her a dirty, shoeless, and stockingless girl, sauntering in child, at the door of a house in one of the most servant lane of Bristol. She was, in fact, a drabbish maid of all work. But even then she was distinguished by a beauty of face and form that, as she was singing to the child, she landed in the dingy alley, a gentleman, who casually passed by, was struck by the child's melody. He stopped, and took it into his head to remove her from her obscene situation, educate her, and have her taught the rudiments of the social art.

"The pupil well rewarded the benevolent gentleman's intentions. Just as she was coming of age, the name of Miss Stephens was known all over the musical world. The Kitty Stephens of the day was the rage. Her voice was the enchanting songstress of the metropolis, and stood, confessedly, without a rival. Her character was excellent—and that, in spite of temptations, she preserved the purity of mind and manners. The late Earl of Essex, on the death of his first wife, a dissipated, heartless fellow, became enamored of Miss Kitty, and set sparkled on the brow of Kitty Stephens. Into her new station, if she did not take to it connexions that were unsuitable to her character, she assumed a dignified reserve, which she has sometimes been seen to

The prisoner, too, seemed less collected and indifferent than he had hitherto been during the trial. Instead of keeping his dark eyes fixed with a sort of mournful earnestness on the jury, as he had done the day before, he cast wistful glances toward the group of females. His eyes grew troubled and restless, his face flushed, and he was more than once noticed to wipe the drops from his forehead; those who looked closely saw that it trembled. This was all important in accordance with his former cold and impassioned demeanor, and people whispered to each other, that now at last the crisis grew near, and more hopeless his escape was growing way.

Once or twice he turned and cast a searching look over the multitude of human faces which the dusky room was crowded. The last time, some one in the crowd observed him to kiss his hand. The Sexton's left eye, and his cheeks were blood-red. He half started to his feet, dropped again as if a bullet had struck him, and then, with a look of terror, which no one could see but the prisoner. He cast a hasty glance around him, and gathering his cloak about him, stood within a few paces of the spot he had occupied before the trial.

At length the judge stood up to deliver his charge, he was paler than usual in such cases, while an extraordinary silence seemed to reign over the crowded gave depth and solemn pathos to his voice. Still, though he seemed more agitated than any one else in the court, his words were collected and calm and clear. The evidence was against the prisoner there was no room for doubt, and could upon which he based his mind might in a doubt.

The prisoner never lifted his face, but the lay he stood remained immovable as the statue, and fixed on the judge, and hardly seeming to breathe. As the summing up grew more and more against the prisoner, the judge's voice grew more full and clear, and grasping the arm of a stranger that stood near, thus prevented himself from falling to the floor.

In the midst of an opinion bearing decidedly against the prisoner, the judge caught the glance fixed on him by his singular boy. The blood rushed to his cheek—he stammered—got his head to his manuscript, and went on. But his voice trembled, and more than once tears were seen to flood his eyes.

Night came on—the jury had been out three hours, not all that time the crowd remained unmovable, and in the room, with his eyes fixed on the stooping form of the prisoner, was that gray and trembling boy. They came in at last, three twelve pallid men with the snapdown destiny of a human being in their hands—their nostrils fierce. They took their seats upon them as they ranged themselves in the jury box there was not a sound to be heard—a pin could be dropped—all was still and silent.

The foreman of the jury stood was sealed the death sentence of two human beings. Three weeks after the trial the prisoner was found dead in his cell. A coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict was given therein, was all the explanation of his death that ever reached the public. A week after the judge received a funeral card, with a request to attend. I was not my usual wont for weal, will it evidence for his self-accusation. He was married and had been married by my wicked frenzy."

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"Speak," she said. "tell me, I beseech you!"

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"God bless you for those tears. I know they were wrung who said you had no feeling. How do you think that you are advised me to act? See, I was to be brought this money to offer to you, and there and there!" She drew from the folds of her dress

Our Scrap Book.

I WANT A BEAU—I'VE GOT A BEAU.

I want a beau! I want a beau!
I've got a beau, and you can't get no,—
To wait, or walk, or sail, or row,
With me you never shall go!
And then,—but sh! it must be secret!—
To have one hearing a beau is sweet!
And oh! I will be more than the love repeat!—
By Jove, but I will marry!

I'm old enough, I'm sure, by law,
And oh! I tell my mamma so!
An elder sister, she!—
You are too young to marry!
Old maids! 'tis always thus with those
Who in a winter loose odds before.
The steamer of love is ladies and beaux,
But I will marry!

Maids who have their hearts for sale,—
Some forty years,—whose charms are stale,—
Marry,—no! they are not for me!
At those who wish to marry;
But me a wife, by experiment taught,
Know all the blue with which is fraught
The weight of wedlock's chain!
Object when girls would marry.

I've got a beau! I've got a beau!
The knowledge nearer my bosom blow;
And, blow it high, or blow it low,
I can resolve to marry.
I've resolved to marry,—I've said it,
I've been in every fam'l retreat,
But never saw I one to meet,
So just the thing to marry.

I know he loves me, and he came
To me very night to "Drury Lane;"
He call'd me every pretty name,
And said I was a *Pet* to marry!
I blush'd,—as every modest maid
To such sweet nothings is afraid,
"Dear me, I feel somewhat afraid
To have a beau to marry!"

He press'd his suit,—what could I do?
I answered, "take me,"—he would you:—
And, truth to tell, I don't love few,
Who can, but that will marry.
My S. T. O. C. is one of the ages of the Zodiac.
My 1, 21, 18, 14, 8, 7,—is a star in the square of Pegasus.
My 17, 3, 8, 7, 6,—is a star in the constellation Aquarius.
My 11, 6, 4, 2, 15, 13, 8,—is a star in Aurigo.
My whole is the Latin name for a Constellation which may be seen in July.

☞ Answer next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.
SAMUEL HOUSTON, Salisbury: HARRIS GLEN, Lowell; BRAMAN, Salem, Ohio; MARY ANN, Lowell; A. B. G. *Exchange, N. C.*

The Family.

ON AN INFANT.

BY M. F. TUPPER.

Look on this babe, and let thy pride take heed,
The pride of manhood, intellect, or fame,
That thou shalt be a man, a child indeed,
And such be he, in spirit and heart the same,
Who God's own image in his infant bore!
Where purity is prime,—and where before
The father's throne, triumphant entrance,
The mourning mother, and the child,
Stand conquered; because they offer there,
Not of world, but of Heaven's undefiled pair;
The innocence of babes in Christ like this.
Oh, guarding fathers! this day call the care,
Lead him to God, obedience and bliss,
To God, ah forming church, thine and his!

* William Knighten Tupper, the author's second son.

Juvenile Department

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACKED GIRL

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"Oh, mother," said little Ellen, bursting into tears and throwing her head into her mother's lap, "they have got that there in a Keerer, and I have been so naughty as they do, dear mother!"

Mrs Gowanus took the child in her arms, hand and kissed her, and said, "Why you have many trials to which Ivy manifesting daughter was subjected, and she felt for her, as none but a mother can feel for a child.

"What has happened to disturb my dear? Who has spoken harshly to you?"

"Why, mother, you know." And I never mind it much, when the little girls do call me names, they don't mean any hurt. But, oh, mother, how can I bear it when you are displeased with me? You say. And says I'm a better child, more gentle and kind, but everybody loves cousin Mary the best. Mary is so handsome, and she is so good, and I'm a sweet, pleasant face. I loved her as soon as I saw her. She stopped and praised Mary's pretty curls, and her eyes, and kissed her very cheeks. And then she looked pitifully at me and said, 'poor child.' Then, mother, I could not keep from crying, for I was sure she was sorry for me, and my mother, I'm sure, and so she gave me money. She couldn't love me, and so she gave me money.

Ellen, Ellen," said the mother, in the bitterness of feeling, "you will break my heart."

Mrs. Gowanus felt that her beauty and her costume clothes for little John, who comes to the door to beg: I shall never bear to think of it. And now, mother, I will read, and not feel unhappy any more."

I am afraid it troubled Mary to see you so much distressed, for she left her gay and spoke to her, my dear?"

"Not one, mother; I am afraid she don't love me so much as she does. When I speak to one any one else said—What a fool you are to let me, Ellen; she's ugly enough, and you have given you the kisses. And she gives me the money, I shouldn't mind having a hunch-back, if people love me."

"Poor Mary. I am afraid her beauty will be her ruin. Would you not rather be as you are, dear Ellen, than feel as Mary does?"

"You indeed mother. Not I have tried to feel and think what you say is true, that the good are beautiful, and I am sure I have tried very hard to loved people kindly ever think of good sense.

"My dear, people cannot tell how you think; they regard you as a mere child. I love you because you are my own child, and because I think you are older, others will love you because you will be amiable, useful, and pious. And remember, my dear, that our Father above can see within you a soul far more beautiful than the body of your cousin Mary. And in a few years this cruelty of the body will be dropped, and we shall all see each other not the bodies, but that part which is truly, really conscious. And then, my dear, goodness will be loved! Cannot my daughter wait patiently for that time?"

"Yes, mother, you so long to be loved by some but I cannot stay long, to be loved by none but you, and prized by all beside.

"My love, you will think less of the opinion of the world, as you live longer. You will feel that we are placed here to do good to our fellow creatures, and be prepared for a better world."

"But, mother, can I ever stay to be so old as you are? I love the little birds and the green trees and flowers, but still the world looks cold and dark, and I want to be away."

"My dear, we must wait our Father's time. Though your body is homely and deformed, God has made your spirit peaceful, and that, you know, will never die, while the most beautiful body will soon crumble to dust. Then, dear, of the great blessings you have received, and do not repine for those that are withholden. I will, mother, and be grateful for giving me such a mother, who has taught me to be patient and contented under my trials. I might have been ill-natured, and envied dear cousin Mary for her beauty, had God given me a different mother."

The child throwed her closer and closer to her heart, and the child and mother wept long and bitterly.

"Ellen, many and many have been the tears I have shed over you in your infancy, for I well knew if your life was spared, all these trials awaited you. I prayed that you might be blessed with a spirit to bear them, have been answered. Your good aunt, with her beautiful Mary, is a less happy mother than I am with you.

"I will be patient and happy, dear mother, that I may grow more like you every year. And Ellen throwing her arms about her mother's neck.

Poor Ellen was scarcely eight years old. She had been deprived from her infancy of the tenderest tenets of her young companions, and even when they forebore their unkind and inconsiderate remarks, her sensitive nature felt keenly their unconscious cruelty. Her mother had watched her young and gentle spirit. She was indeed nearly stricken; her body was deformed and deformed, and her face, with the exception of a very sweet and intelligent expression, was remarkably plain. She became thoughtful, reflective, and unconsciously gained much on the holiness and happiness of Heaven that she longed to be with her child. The weaker felt that the desire of the child would be gratified. She saw her little frame wasting away, and a bright unearthly hue upon her cheek, while her mental consciousness seemed to be an expression almost of beauty. Her young spirit seemed already disenthralled from its prison house, and she followed with an intensity of love, a stretch of intellect and depth of thought, that seemed almost supernatural. Her mother knew she might not long be able, almost to the last, to go about the house, and busy herself with her books and flowers. A few moments before her death, she laid herself upon the sofa, saying, "mother, I am weary and will sleep." She kissed her mother and her child, and kissed her cheek. Ellen opened her eyes, and looked up, "Mother, you will be all alone when I am gone, but I shall be by your side, and you will see me more. How very good our Father in Heaven is to let me go so soon?" She half raised her little arms, as if to embrace her mother's neck, but her little head fell back upon the body. Mrs. G felt she was indeed a widowed and childless woman, but she exercised a will that many years like one who felt she was a "stranger and a pilgrim" here, administering to the sick, and relieving the wretched, and was at length laid by the side of her beloved husband and Ellen.—*Young People's Magazine.*

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of twenty-two letters.
My 17, 5, 12, 7, 8, is one of Homer's Muses.
My 5, 1, 7, 2, 7, 19, 16, 6, is one of Homer's heroes.
My 21, 6, 18, 19, 16, 4, 15, 9, 8, is one of the constellations which never set.
My 8, 9, 21, 11, 10, 22, 16, 6, is a bright star in Boötes.
My 1, 8, 7, 23, 3, 6, is one of the Planets.
My 9, 15, 16, 6, is a star in the constellation Leo.
My 21, 16, 6, 7, 8, 10, 9, 6, 2, is a star in the Gruyphounds.
My 21, 14, 6, 7, 8, 10, 5, 6, is a constellation which cannot be seen in the United States.
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 12, is a star in the Scorpion.
My 5, 7, 22, 6, 3, 6, is one of the signs of the Zodiac.
My 1, 21, 18, 14, 8, 7, is a star in the square of Pegasus.
My 17, 3, 8, 7, 6, is a star in the constellation Aquarius.
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BY M. F. TUPPER.

Look on this babe, and let thy pride take heed,
The pride of manhood, intellect, or fame,
That thou shalt be a man, a child indeed,
And such be he, in spirit and heart the same,
Who God's own image in his infant bore!
Where purity is prime,—and where before
The father's throne, triumphant entrance,
The mourning mother, and the child,
Stand conquered; because they offer there,
Not of world, but